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Meyerbeer's "L' Africaine."

By this time, probably, the long expected posthumous *chef d'œuvre* of the great master of grand spectacle opera has been brought out in Paris. By last accounts, the first representation was fixed for the first day of May. *Figaro* contained, some five or six months ago, a long description of the plot and music, from the pen of Mr. Charles Beauquier, a young French writer, author of a work entitled "*Philosophie de la Musique*," which was to appear anon in Paris. To allay the curiosity of our readers, we translate from M. Beauquier's article—through the medium, however, of the *Leipzig Signale*, as we have not the French at hand.

The new opera has no Overture, properly speaking, but only a somewhat lengthy introduction, consisting of an Andante, whose *motive*, of grand design, is sung at the close of the second act by Inez.

In the first scene we hear from the mouth of Inez a sweet and melancholy ballad, in which she laments her hero and lover, the brave Vasco da Gama; she supposes he has perished in the waves with Bartolomeo Diaz. This piece with its gloomy feeling seems akin to the romanticism of the German song poesy, and in spite of its sombre coloring it is well calculated to become fashionable in our saloons.

Inez's father, the Admiral (M. Castelmare) and her bridegroom Don Pedro (Belval) enter, and, as if they had read what was passing in her heart, announce to her that Vasco da Gama has really perished. A terzetto, based upon a very melodious phrase, deserves to be prominently noticed here. This phrase, distinguished by peculiar elegance, is first sung by Inez, to be taken up again, with new artistic developments, by the two basses.

The principal part of this first act, which might also be termed the most important of the whole opera, is at any rate one of the most extensive pieces of music that we know, inasmuch as it occupies more than half of the entire act.

Meyerbeer has here made it his design to paint a historical scene in all its details. The conflict of the various passions represented in this picture rises to an effect bordering on the sublime. The bishops and the grandees of the State, under the presidency of Don Pedro, have assembled to discuss the schemes of Vasco da Gama, who has, after all, got safely home again, and to vote upon the proposals of the bold navigator. The Council enter to the sound of a march, in no wise inferior to the best which Meyerbeer has achieved in a form in which he was always so solicitous. Hereupon the composer develops a movement which is superb and grand in thought, and carried out with live, vigorous, and at the same time supple outline. Its forms stand out all the more clearly and powerfully, that they are sung *unisono* by all the basses. This chorus, with its masterly and peculiarly handled orchestral accompaniment, is of an indescribable effect. The

splendid *motive* turns up repeatedly in the course of the commingled scene of choruses, solo airs, recitatives and ensemble pieces. When the debate grows too warm, it is taken up again, ironically, by the Grand Inquisitor, and every time appears in a new form. This thought is the melodic bond which holds the different parts of the grand whole together.

Let us run over some of the particulars of this Council scene:

In a long recitative, rich everywhere in artistic traits, and having nothing in common with Tannhäuser's narrative of his pilgrimage, Vasco da Gama (Naudin) tells of the storms he has survived and of the lands which he has passed in sight and which he proposes to go in search of again. As proof of the veracity of his statement he offers the testimony of two slaves whom he has rescued from the wreck. But Celika (Mlle. Marie Sax), Queen of Madagascar, and Nelusko (M. Faure) have taken the oath of silence, and so place Vasco in the most frightful quandary. The members of the Council are divided in opinion and, while some credit his account, others declare him an impostor. The stormy debate gives the composer an opportunity for daring feats of harmony only justifiable to such a fertile and powerful talent as his was. Vasco has to retire; the assembly press the matter to a vote, while you hear in the orchestra the *ritournelle* of the before mentioned musical phrase, worked up and developed in an effective manner. Vasco appears again. Don Pedro, who means to appropriate the hero's plans and use them in his own interest, reads the decision of the Council, in which Vasco's proposals are rejected. The navigator is beside himself with rage; he rails at the powerful assembly, and the Grand Inquisitor hurls his anathema against him. The scene closes with an ensemble, an Allegro with a strongly pronounced rhythm and of extraordinarily powerful effect.

Act II shows us Vasco in prison. He is stretched upon his bed in slumber, and his slave Celika watches over him. Vasco dreams of Inez and of his voyage;—a horn solo, of ravishing effect, accompanies the dream; the *Africaine* chants a cradle song, to lull the restless sleeper,—a strain of true oriental coloring and quite in keeping with the character of the singer. Having succeeded in rocking the man whom she secretly loves into a more quiet slumber, the poor slave, whose jealousy is awakened by the name of Inez, abandons herself to her ungovernable anguish, and an extremely characteristic theme depicts the passion of which her heart is full. This fiery *motive* forms a happy contrast to the lightly cadenced rhythm of the lullaby. But Vasco stirs, he seems on the point of awaking, and Celika relapses into the original melody, this time accompanied by a violin solo, whose *floriture* cover the song as with a fine lace veil.

Musically and dramatically, this scene is most admirably treated.

Suddenly Nelusko stands before Celika and informs her, that he has come to murder the sleep-

ing Vasco. Faure on this occasion sings his great aria, whose effects allow him to exhibit all his virtuosity and ensure his success. The hot and glowing *motive*, developing with energy, and passing into a pathetic *crescendo*, relates the hatred and the thirst for vengeance of the slave. An Allegro full of passion and of verve forms the close of this interesting number. At the moment when Nelusko raises his poniard over his master, the latter awakes and asks the frightened slave what he is about. Nelusko retreats noiselessly, and the orchestra accompanies his exit with the *motive* of the Allegro he has just been singing.

Still full of the suddenly interrupted images of his brain, Vasco pursues his waking dream, and again the name of Inez escapes his lips. He will "find the longed for passage round the point of Africa." . . . Again his schemes absorb him altogether; all else has vanished. He draws upon the wall a map of the countries which he seeks. Celika, seeing his pencil arrive at the point where the Cape of Good Hope lies, arrests his arm and cries: "You are mistaken, look here—here, here is an island, Madagascar, of which I am Queen, the land in which they took me captive." Vasco in his geographical enthusiasm falls upon the neck of the learned slave and declares he loves her. This love encounter gives occasion for a duet, whose musical charms enable us to forget the improbability of the scene. This number may vie with the most melodious pieces of Italian song. Between the theme and its resumption there is a delicious passage, binding the two together like a flowery wreath. In an Andante of noble character Celika confesses to her master that she has long loved him.

A solemn sound of bells interrupts this outpouring of hearts, and Nelusko comes in to explain the meaning of this Sunday music, namely, the wedding of Inez and Don Pedro, in honor whereof the prisoners are set free. In fact Don Pedro and Donna Inez make their appearance; they have overheard and seen the tender demonstrations between Vasco and Celika. With death at her heart, Inez confesses to the object of her passion, that she has merely consented to the marriage with Don Pedro to purchase Vasco's freedom. Vasco utters a cry of anguish, and sobbingly exclaims, that Celika, this much dreaded rival, is only a slave, and offers to make her a present of the chattel. Here Meyerbeer has introduced a concerted piece of a peculiar kind. It is an unaccompanied *sestet*, written with remarkable knowledge of the vocal means. In a recitative, which the orchestra accompanies with a very original melody, Don Pedro announces that he has been appointed chief of the expedition proposed by Vasco da Gama, and that he intends to take his young wife with him.

Now follows another *ensemble* piece descriptive of the grief of Inez and Vasco. In this recurs the phrase sung by Inez, which forms the *motive* of the instrumental introduction of the opera. The scene and the act close with an unaccompanied *ensemble*, which softly dies away while the curtain falls.

[We are spared the trouble of translating farther from the article in *Figaro*, and may give what relates to the third act as we find it already done into English (albeit with some manifest embellishments) in the *London Telegraph*].

Taking a general view of the work, so far at least as can be judged from the first two acts, it abounds in fresh and graceful melody, and in this respect is superior to the last two works produced by the maestro. The closing scene of the first act excepted, which sounds very Meyerbeerian indeed, and betrays the composer of the *Huguenots* in every bar, one is reminded of *Robert* and of the warm and flowing airs of his pre-diabolical times. Perhaps it will not contribute to the popularity of the work and the impression produced by the whole, that the three following acts are said to have been written in a somewhat different style. It is well known with what care and indefatigable solicitude Meyerbeer matured this favorite work. Twenty years ago the libretto had to be written twice over by the scribe. From the same time dates the music of the first act, which is divided from the second by an interval of ten years. The rest belongs to a later period. As he wished to outdo himself in point of melody and intrinsic worth, he also took care to provide for the requirements of the stage by inserting numerous hints to the manager, introducing *variants*, and the like. The score, written by his own hand, is the admiration of all who have seen it. On every page additions are proposed and appended, curtailments suggested and carried out. In many instances the orchestra has to choose between three passages or cadenzas *ad libitum*. M. Féris, who knows and loves the music of Meyerbeer as few among the living, decides, in his capacity of musical executor, on the definite form of the text and music without appeal.

Don Pedro, having despoiled Vasco of his bride, hastens with his fair one to embark. Here an opportunity offers for the masters of French machinery to vie with the maestro of the musical art. The whole of the third act takes place on board ship. A great vessel fills the entire width of the stage, and is in point of artistic construction asserted to beat even the *Warrior* and *Ld Gloire*. It so far, however, differs from all that has ever been seen before as to show cabin and deck at the same. But it is not enough that the audience is placed in the position of *le diable boiteux*, who, unthatching houses, pried into their most recondite mysteries; he is occasionally converted into a demon riding on the wings of the storm, and looking down upon the laboring vessel from the height of the clouds. By some ingenious contrivance, the vessel now and then "moves on," and appears in full life-like rotundity in the distance, without any trace of its former hemispherical division. It veers round, comes to, catches quarter winds, and performs all the most approved feats of nautical science.

The curtain rises after a symphonic introduction of soft and dreamy coloring; it is, I believe, intended as a transcription musicale of sunrise at sea. A gay and pleasant chorus is heard resounding from the cabin of Inez's ladies. Besides the girls, already sporting about at this early hour, Don Pedro (Belval) is awake in his cabin. Of course, he cannot but praise himself for beginning work and pondering over his charts while others are still asleep. His ambitious and highly moral solo is, however, gracefully interrupted by the various abigails of his bride entering upon the day's labor in their own cheerful and musical way. The drum beats. The guns thunder their morning salute into the air. The crew awake, and, crawling from their hammocks, sing a grand chorus, accompanied by a quartet which stands out conspicuously from the harmonious background of the other voices. With peculiar instrumentation for the drums and double basses, this piece is distinguished by a most energetic and novel rhythm. At length the bells announce morning prayers. The male voices intone a peculiar *motivo* in unison; the females join with an equally expressive theme; the two melodies gradually blending, until at last a grand and harmonious crescendo concludes the passionate and impressive prayer. This *ensemble*, which is conceived in a severe and religious style, has little accompaniment, and bears the character of a chorale. It has not improperly been likened to a well-known piece in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. Thus three choruses succeed each other without interruption; yet so different are they in point of character and treatment, that the interest will not be found to flag. That all possible sensations may be exhausted one after the other, no sooner have the sailors finished praying than they begin to dance to a queer sort of double step, the accompaniment being remarkable rather for its new and peculiar harmonies than for its terpsichorean attractiveness. Be it observed in this place, that Meyer-

beer, intending for once to write an opera without a ballet, did not insert in it any of the dancing choruses or singing dances, for which his preceding works have been so warmly praised by a large, and that not the least influential, portion of the public. So heinous a crime against taste could not, however, be tolerated by the members of the Jockey Club. The news of this strict Puritanism having spread amongst them, a feeling arose which made it evident to M. Perrin that the violation of their privileges would not be regarded with indifference. Accordingly it was resolved to slip in just a slight *souppçon* of pas de deux and pirouette à l'Empereur de Japon; and, as he who seeks is ever sure to find in the long run, a chorus was fortunately discovered, so brisk, easy and gay as to admit being executed with the feet as well as the voice. Again, amid the various readings the maestro left behind him for a number of passages, there are some which so readily offer themselves for conversion into ballet airs, that M. Féris, the musical executor, must have had a heart of stone had he turned a deaf ear to the protests of the fair danseuses and aristocratic patrons; and thus the serious views of the great deceased will probably, after all, be foiled. Already the necessary hints have been given to M. St. Léon, the celebrated choreographer at St. Petersburg, who, in preference to his Paris brethren, has been charged with the invention of the divertissements.

But to return to the libretto. Don Pedro, who was alone in his cabin, suddenly finds Don Alvarez, the confidant of Vasco da Gama, standing before him. The apparition greatly surprises the gallant commodore, since he had no inkling of the gentleman in question being on board. Alvarez is not long in telling him that an ardent wish to take part in the glorious venture having caused him to request the permission of the Admiralty, he was lucky enough to obtain it. Moreover, having made the voyage once before, he will be useful to Don Pedro—an assertion he proves at once by betraying to him that the mate, an individual as thoroughly wicked as the requirements of the occasion can demand, is diverting the ship from her proper course, in order to wreck her on some uninhabited coast. But this treacherous officer is no other than Nelusko. For the better understanding of the most poetically romantic text, we should inform the reader at once that he as well as Celika had also managed to embark in the vessel at the eleventh hour and seemingly without the knowledge of her captain. The Queen of Madagascar, if we have fathomed the poet's meaning—which we are by no means confident we have—was received among her ladies of the bed-chamber by the royal Inez. Once there, she had no particular difficulty in getting her trusty slave to wait upon her; which slave, once in, was accidentally discovered to know the way to the unknown regions, and was accordingly constituted mate. Out of hatred of the Europeans, the treacherous African, so far from holding his course to possible continents, has secretly resolved upon taking the ship to his native shores, and either wrecking her on the sands or delivering the crew to his cannibal compatriots. But, though he may be very malicious, he can sing. In a most original melody, without accompaniment, he shouts his commands to the doomed crew, giving forth with peculiarly sonorous tones an echo which reminds one of a speaking-trumpet. At this moment the good ship begins to move, and majestically ploughs the waves. A long recitative here occurs, and is expected to form one of the principal attractions of the opera. It is sung with much vigor and suggestive energy by M. Faure. Don Pedro will not credit the charge preferred by Alvarez. He deprecates any further calumnies being hawked about in regard to his trusty mate, calls Nelusko, and, to give him a signal proof of his confidence, confers upon him in due form the supreme direction of the ship. Seeing vengeance thus insured, the slave skips about in savage delight. A bark is at length sighted. An unknown boards the ship. The reader will feel instinctively, and without a moment's doubt, that the stranger can be no other than Vasco da Gama.

After the departure of his enemy he has equipped a ship at his own cost. It must be either clipper-built, or provided with screw and steam-engine by some unchronological make-shift, for it has overtaken the other, though at the time of starting its captain had no plan. Vasco now comes to tell his enemy that he is in the wrong course. Knowing this to be the case, one is perhaps entitled to wonder at his coming in the wake, and being able to warn a rival against continuing his voyage. Nevertheless, he does warn him, in a splendid Allegro, which, being as energetically responded to by Don Pedro, develops into an interesting and dramatic duet. In the course of their melodious altercation, Vasco avows that a wish to save Inez has been the cause of his cautioning him

against steering N.N.W. Don Pedro, in a beautiful Andante, directs the attention of his generous foe to the imprudence of the avowal. Vasco, he begs to suggest, finding himself on board his ship, is in his power, and may be dealt with according to the captain's pleasure. Upon this, relapsing into the melody of his first Allegro, Vasco becomes exceedingly angry, and, seconded by bassoons and kettle-drums, challenges the cowardly commander, flinging his gauntlet in his face.

The noise of the quarrel brings all hands on deck. Some petty officer orders them to throw Vasco overboard. Inez and her companions interfere, in a septet of Italian cast and melody. In its soft mellifluous tones, it is the only piece of the last three acts reminding one of the style of the first two. However, it is most effective, for it saves Vasco's life and procures him honorable imprisonment and a place at the captain's table during the passage. But the music has not so far prevailed over the criminal designs of the captain as to cause him to abandon all thoughts of revenge. This monster in human form will dine with Vasco, instigating Nelusko at the same time to free him of the disagreeable passenger. Female influence, however, once again saves him. If Inez was his guardian angel in the first instance, so Celika is in this. She has heard of the plot; she will prevent it. She orders Nelusko—who, we ought not to forget, amid the variety of other characters in which he appears, is all the while her slave—to save the gallant adventurer from the clutches of the would-be assassin. In a beautiful duet, Nelusko promises to spare Vasco, being, by way of compensation, allowed to destroy the rest.

Most opportunely, however, a hurricane ensues. Still more lucky is it that, whilst the tempest howls and the waves rise in furious rage around the devoted crew, the savages should make their appearance in numberless boats preparing to board the corvette. Another moment, and the destinies of the good ship are fulfilled. The Africans climb on to the deck; and a quaint and characteristic chorus ensues. While matters are in terrible disorder, Nelusko quietly scuttles the ship, which, rearing on her beams, magnificently sinks to the bottom of the sea. Of course Vasco and Celika are saved, and the latter is recognized as their Queen by the appeared pirates. The musical rendering of the tempest is a *chef d'œuvre* in itself. I will shortly send you more about the fourth and fifth acts.

Beethoven and the Various Editions of his Works.

BY OTTO JAHN.

[Continued from page 20.]

Fortunately, the critical editor of Beethoven finds himself placed in a comparatively favorable position for the execution of his task. The master belongs to a time, with the events and circumstances, the thoughts and sentiments, the artistic conception and execution of which, in all essential points, we have not to render ourselves acquainted by laborious investigation; to a time of which the aspect and comprehension are at once clear, and only now and then, in isolated cases, require the aid of more particular knowledge. The composer himself, moreover, is no strange personage, whom we are compelled to bring near us by means of any artificial apparatus. He is at present too near us; we live with him, nay he even rules us, and, if anything is still wanting to our comprehension of him, it is not because he belongs to a Past which must be revived, but that he has outstripped even the generation coming after him, a generation which still looks up with reverence to him as he stands above it. So many and such important works, of various descriptions and stages of development, do we possess of his, that, by searching study, we are able to form so decided and sharply defined an idea of his artistic individuality, as regards his natural tastes and his education, as well as of the mental conception and technical facture of his compositions, that we thereby obtain sure guides for the formation of a critical decision. Finally, the editions of his works which have been handed down to us, though unequal, as well as here and there uncertain and defective, afford, on the whole, so sufficient a foundation for the critical restoration of what he wrote, that a satisfactory result may be achieved by their means. Nevertheless, in the exercise of criticism, even under these favorable circumstances, all the dif-

facilities, questions, and doubts, which can present themselves to no one but a philological critic, have to be taken into consideration, and, in this instance, as in all others, can be solved by genuinely philological method alone.

As is well known, Beethoven wrote a very illegible hand. Not to speak of sketches and plans, which are naturally privileged to be scarcely decipherable, even in the ill-shaped and crabbed characters of the clean copies which he made of his own compositions, we fancy we perceive the impatience and annoyance at ideas and thoughts having to be fixed by the aid of written signs. In addition to this is the fact that Beethoven, even when he had completely noted down a composition—which, as a rule he did very rapidly, after working for a long time at the separate parts—was accustomed to make alterations, which were not written in a very neat hand. The result is that his manuscripts generally produce a discouraging impression at first sight, and do not appear very promising to any one seeking information from them. But when a person has made himself acquainted with the peculiar strokes and general style of the hand, and become accustomed to the latter, he feels convinced that, despite the apparent carelessness, the writer took pains to render plainly whatever was important for the comprehension of the whole, and that he wrote with attention and care. If the reader, who, of course, must appreciate the value of the interest at stake, does not shrink from the labor of deciphering, he will, as a rule, be sure to find out what Beethoven intended. It is, therefore, of great importance to consult, in the last instance, the original manuscripts. Scarcely one of them can be thus consulted without its enabling us to correct faults, some of which afterwards escaped the notice even of the composer himself, when correcting the proofs for the press.

At first, when Beethoven was somewhat more careful in his writing, he may have made clean copies himself for the press, and this may partly explain why we possess, comparatively speaking, fewer original manuscripts of his earlier works, though there is hardly any doubt that in his younger days he took, as a rule, less care of such manuscripts than he afterwards did. Subsequently, however, he let the engraver have only copies revised by himself. His copyists had no easy task with him. Even for an experienced copyist, his hand-writing was continually offering fresh difficulties, and, in doubtful cases, to hit upon the right reading was, with Beethoven's peculiarities, even for a person who had enjoyed a musical education, a hazardous task. The work of revision, which he performed with the copyist, usually gave rise to exceedingly animated scenes, and the copyist was obliged to hear, in joking and serious language, very severe reproaches levelled at himself. Despite, however, of the most violent impatience, Beethoven was excessively particular about these corrections, and all the copies looked through by himself afford evidence of the conscientious care he took to render them correct and clean. It is, consequently, natural that, in these copies, a few errors and inaccuracies which escaped notice in the original should be corrected, although in the copies themselves some fresh mistakes have, now and then, crept in, and must be corrected by the aid of the originals, so that copies and originals mutually control each other, the decision in doubtful cases being left to the deliberate judgment of the critic.

Great importance may be possessed by parts employed at performances conducted by Beethoven. Everyone with any experience knows, it is true, that faults remarked at rehearsals are by no means always accurately corrected in the parts; but whenever there is a correction we may assume it was especially intended and ordered. In a controversy that has been much discussed, the parts corroborated certain facts, though their corroboration was scarcely needed. As we are all aware, in the year 1846, at Mendelssohn's instigation, a letter of Beethoven's of the 21st August, 1810, was made public. In that letter, Beethoven informs the publishers that in the parts just engraved of the C-minor Symphony, there are two bars too many in the "Scherzo,"

and that they must be cancelled. The correction was not made. The two bars were transferred into the printed score, the parts, and all the arrangements; but, when the rectification appeared, Beethoven's own categorical statement, strange to say, was in opposition both to internal and external evidence. A glance at the original score, in possession of Mendelssohn—proved plainly how the mistake had arisen. The person who wrote the copy intended for the printer, mistook an alteration of Beethoven's, while Beethoven overlooked the mistake when correcting the proofs. Besides this, the orchestral parts employed when the Symphony was first produced, as well as when it was, on several occasions, repeated, under Beethoven's direction, do not contain the two bars in question. There can, therefore, be no doubt that he did not want them. Of course they are not admitted into the new edition.

The music to *Egmont* is now published freed from the additions which disfigured it. In writing his interludes Beethoven's great object was so to connect the conclusion of one act with the commencement of the next, as to lead us at once from one to the other. Three of these interludes have not, therefore, a definite musical conclusion, but end, after the curtain has gone up, with a characteristic half-finish. The performance of the music, as Beethoven wanted it, presupposes, it is true, a very nicely calculated and careful mode of putting the piece upon the stage. In order to keep up the good old humdrum way of doing business, and, also, to render the interludes useful on other occasions, it was thought desirable that they should have additions definitely terminating them, and Beethoven—a rare thing for him—complied with "practical requirements," and agreed that the musical corrector in Leipzig should make such additions. These, according to the practice of the day, were printed with the rest, without the slightest explanation, and consequently passed for authentic, though they partially annihilated the original intentions of the composer. As a matter of course, they are entirely omitted in the new edition.

In this instance, all that was requisite was to refer to Beethoven's autograph manuscript, just as it was for a correction in the last Quartet (Op. 135), the circumstances connected with which are most extraordinary. In the last movement of this Quartet, two bars were omitted in the part of the first violin. As a matter of course, it could not fail to be observed, when the score was printed, that all the parts did not agree as a whole. The corrector however, did not look for the fault where it really existed, but left the first violin part incorrect, and altered so much in other parts as to render the passage endurable, it is true, though more thoroughly vitiated than if the original error had remained untouched. A comparison with the autograph manuscript immediately showed what was the correct reading, and thus a passage which appeared exceedingly strange and suspicious, but which it would have been impossible to correct, because the real fault was hidden under a false emendation, has now, in its genuine form, become perfectly clear and intelligible.

That such a corrupted reading could be allowed to pass and remain unrectified is to be explained only by the fact that the Quartet was not published until after Beethoven's death. Beethoven, in fact, expended upon the correctness of the printed sheets as much care as he bestowed upon that of the written copies. As far as was possible, he himself superintended the correcting of his works for the press, and was extremely particular in this respect. In the correspondence with his publishers, the correction of the typographical errors, which were capable of exciting the most violent indignation in his mind, played a prominent part; he, moreover, informed them of faults discovered by him after the compositions were published, and urged them still to correct the same. He seldom succeeded, it is true, in having his wishes carried out, as is shown by the example of the C-minor Symphony, and that of the Grand Mass, wherein, among other faults of which he complained in his correspondence, there

is not the slightest mention of the *tempo* of the "Benedictus."

(Conclusion next time.)

Obituary.—Madame Pasta.

The death of the illustrious Giuditta Pasta cannot create any surprise. She was in her sixty-eighth year, having been born in 1798, and had almost outlived the remembrance of her artistic fame. With modern opera-goers, Madame Pasta bears the same sort of vague, indistinct reputation which Mrs. Siddons does with modern play-goers. As artists both are connected with the grand and the sublime, and neither has left behind her a successor. It is not just to call Grisi the successor of Pasta. Grisi was undoubtedly "grand" in appearance, and her voice had "grandeur" in its power and volume; but, mentally, she stopped short of what was great and never approached the "sublime." To those who have not seen Pasta in Semiramide, in Anna Bolena, in Norma, in Medea, or in Tancredi, it is quite impossible to convey any idea of what may be done with these characters. Bellini made a strange mistake in composing the music of Amina in the *Sonnambula* for Pasta, who never identified herself with the part, and who, indeed, was completely thrown into the shade by Malibran's wonderful performance. In Norma, however, he fitted her powers to perfection and, even though the Milanese went frantic about Malibran in the character, the Druid High Priestess lived and died with Pasta. Pasta's voice was not of the most delightful quality, nor was her natural facility very great. By dint of study, however, and a taste, refinement and judgment that have never been surpassed and rarely equalled, she gave a character and an expression to her tones that touched the most varied chords of the human heart; while, by extraordinary perseverance and a determination which nothing could subdue, she gained a facility and an ease in her vocalization that astonished every listener. The voice of Pasta was somewhat guttural, and the only voice I ever heard which reminded me of it, though remotely, was that of Madame Guerrabella. Pasta made an immense fortune and bought a splendid villa with pleasure grounds on the lake of Como, and died there. She lived in the days of great people and was greater than them all—but one. Fodor, Camporese, Catalani, Colbran, Pizaroni, Sontag and Malibran were contemporaneous with her, and Grisi came directly after her. Malibran alone was considered more inspired as an actress and more grandly endowed as a singer. Yet they were hardly to be compared together. Pasta was Norma, Semiramide, Anna Bolena, Medea, Niobe, &c. Malibran was Amina, Fidelio, Ninetta, Rosina, Zerlina, &c. In *Semiramide* Pasta would have played the Babylonian Queen and Malibran Arsace. In *Don Giovanni* the former Donna Anna, the latter Zerlina. In this distribution of characters it must be borne in mind that Malibran could as readily have accommodated her means to Semiramide and Donna Anna as to Arsace and Zerlina, and that she had frequently played them, while Pasta could not have changed her parts without serious detriment to her talent. Peace to them both! We shall not look upon the like of either soon!—*Lond. Mus. World.*

The Life of Pasta.

(From Miss Clayton's "Queens of Song.")

When Mr. Ayton undertook the management of the King's Theatre in 1816, he commenced his task with an enthusiastic desire to render the Opera attractive, not merely by an array of brilliant talent, but by that perfection in the representation of the works of the great masters which was due alike to the composer and the audience. He had engaged several vocalists of talent, nearly all of whom were to be heard in England for the first time. When at the house of M. Paer, in Paris, he met with Signor and Madame Pasta, a tenor and a mezzo-soprano, and engaged both for the ensuing season, at the modest salary of four hundred pounds for the two.

Giuditta Pasta was then eighteen. She was born at Sarrano, near Milan, in 1798, of a Jewish family named Negri. She received her first lessons in music from Bartolomeo Lotte, chapelmaster of the Cathedral of Como, and was admitted at the age of fifteen to the Conservatorio di Milan, then under the direction of Asioli. In 1815, she left the Conservatorio, and, making her debut at the theatre of an amateur, obtained engagements at the second-rate theatres of Leghorn, Parma, and Brescia; appearing only in subordinate parts, her voice and style at that time unfitting her for any other. In 1816 she sang, together with Mlle. Cinti, Miss Corri, and some other young debutantes, in the train of the haughty Madame Catalani, at the Favert; being precisely the

kind of subordinate vocalist suited to one of Madame Catalani's exacting disposition, for she attracted no attention whatever. Pasta, when first seen in London, only appeared as a glimmering little star just risen above the horizon, in the sunblaze of the fame of Fodor and Camporese. As for her husband, finding there would be no chance whatever for him in competition with a singer like Crivelli, he wisely relinquished all idea of making a debut. The King's Theatre opened January 11th, 1817, with Cimarosa's opera of "*Penelope*," Madame Camporese taking the leading part, and as one of the papers said, "two subordinate singers, named Pasta and Mori, came forward also, in the characters of *Telemaco* and *Arsinoo*, but their musical talent does not require minute delineation."

Giuditta Pasta's voice was hard and unequal, and she had the greatest difficulty in managing it, while its natural tone was far from being perfect. She had expression, and could descend from the sharp notes of the soprano to the grave tones of the contralto; but she always wanted flexibility, and did not appear to advantage in bravura music. Some persons, however, perceived in her the germs of future excellence. In appearance, she was below the medium height, but admirably proportioned, with a queenly Roman head and beautiful features, a high forehead, dark, expressive eyes, exquisitely formed lips, and a finely shaped nose. The serious cast of her countenance, and the simple majesty of her air, denoted that her genius lay in the loftiest walk of tragedy, especially as she had much dramatic energy, while her gestures and her attitudes were noble and graceful.

It could not be disguised at the close of the season that poor Mme. Pasta, though sometimes spoken kindly of by the critics, had proved a "failure." She meditated deeply on the causes of her non-success, and felt the impetus of genius which urges those gifted with the spark of divine fire to persevere; so she returned to Italy and studied assiduously for more than a year, under the guidance of M. Scappa. An English nobleman, who saw her in Italy at this time, said that her exertions were unremitting. "Other singers," said he, "find themselves endowed with a voice and leave everything else to chance. This woman leaves nothing to chance, and her success is therefore certain."

That success was awaiting her reappearance in Italy. She created a marked sensation when she made her debut afresh in Venice in 1819. At Rome, in April of that year, she performed men's parts at the Argentin, with Tacchinardi, in such operas as Rossini's "*Aureliano in Palmira*," Mayer's "*Danab*," Nicolini's "*Cesare nelle Galle*," and in 1820 she appeared at Milan and Trieste. In the Autumn of 1821 she was engaged at the Théâtre Italien of Paris, where she fixed the attention of the fastidious French public; but it was at Verona during the Congress of 1822, that she obtained a great success. She then returned to Paris, reappearing at the Italiens, March 30, in the opera of "*Romeo e Giulietta*," and was received with the homage paid only to the highest talent.

In January of the following year Madame Pasta for the first time appeared before the public in her great masterpiece—the character of *Medea* in Mayer's opera. Even her warmest admirers were taken by surprise by the grandeur of her impersonation.

The season of 1824 at the King's Theatre was remarkable for an unusually—and unnecessarily—large company of singers. No less than six prima donnas appeared: Mesdames Colbran-Rossini, Catalani, Ronzi di Begnis, Vestris, Caradori, and Pasta. In the month of March, Madame Pasta was announced, and made her first appearance April 24th. The opera selected for her appearance was "*Otello*." It might almost be termed a debut, public curiosity was so strongly excited; for Europe was now ringing with her fame. Every portion of the house was filled at a very early hour, the boxes and pit being so crowded that many elegantly dressed ladies were obliged to be contented with seats in the gallery. To Madame Pasta was due the idea of reviving "*Otello*." The music was worthy of a better fate than being allied to such wretched trash as the libretto in which Shakespeare's beautiful tragedy had been travestied by a certain Marchese Berio, and tortured to suit what he considered the exigencies of the lyric stage. The utmost skill both of composer and performer was requisite to make the libretto even tolerable to an English audience.

At this time some persons of fashion, seeking for a new sensation, arranged to have operas performed at their houses on Sunday night: more than one performance had been given, when they were suddenly checked. The Duke of York had been invited to one of them, and the performance was delayed for some time, as his Royal Highness did not make his appearance; at length a note arrived, couched in polite

terms, but plainly intimating that the Sunday operas did not receive the countenance of the Court. Had these operas been continued, it is certain that, in addition to the shock that would have been given to religious ideas, they would have tended to ruin the Italian theatre; as it was, their effect was detrimental, as some of the singers actually left the rehearsals at the King's Theatre unfinished, to attend those at aristocratic houses. Many of the singers being engaged to perform nightly at three or four public and private concerts, the Opera was often paralyzed by the indisposition of the vocalists in consequence.

Madame Pasta performed, during the season of 1825, on ten nights and in four characters, and she sang actually at twenty-four or twenty-five concerts, receiving twenty-five guineas for each. Her operatic engagement was 1,200*l.*, she sold her benefit to Ebers for 800*l.*, and within the brief space of four weeks she realized no less a sum than 2,400*l.* In 1826, she demanded 2,300*l.* for three months and a half, which was acceded to; and the security which she demanded was managed by making the money payable in three instalments, the last to be made previous to her appearance on the stage: in addition to her salary, she was allowed, during the term of her engagement, a private box, twelve pit and twelve gallery tickets.

In 1841 she went to Berlin. The Berliners regarded her with deep sympathy and commiseration, for she had lost almost her entire fortune—the well-earned reward of her splendid talents—by the failure of the great bank of Guymuller, at Vienna. But neither her voice nor her physical strength were now what they had been; and she wisely retired from the scene of her triumphs. For many years she had resided during the winter at Milan or Genoa, and during the summer at her villa at Como, occupying her leisure in giving to artists very valuable lessons. Mademoiselle Parodi was her most distinguished pupil.

Madame Pasta had one child, a daughter, born about 1825.

Pasta.

The art of declaiming recitative passages in opera has almost died out. Its greatest exponent was that gifted woman who passed away from us but a few days ago by the bright shores of Como. Mme. Pasta was undoubtedly the most inspired lyric actress that ever trod the stage; and it is worth while, now that we are art-associated with mining *Aminas*, feeble *Semiramides*, and lay-sister *Normas*, to regard, in the dim distance of the past, that majestic woman's figure, at one moment instinct with the divine madness of a priestess, at another moving with the simplicity of an Alpine peasant. The original heroine of most of Bellini's immortal works, it was in *Norma* pre-eminently that Pasta soared to the loftiest range of dramatic conception. The present age has no idea of Pasta's *Norma*. It has seen Grisi (who was at one time only considered worthy to play *Adalgisa* to Pasta's *Norma*), and has given Grisi the title of "Diva" from her appearance in the part. But alas, flexibility and fluency—neither of which gifts Pasta ever possessed—could never atone for Giulia Grisi's want of soul. From her first success as *Norma* in England, may be dated the gradual decline and downfall of the power of declamatory recitative. Not a bar of Pasta's baldest recitative was without its special significance: it was sung—it was acted—with a force and understanding which were irresistible. Mme. Grisi could not do this, and never attempted it. With her, recitative was reduced into the merest "padding;" the torrent of passionate invective flowed equally along in the calmest manner of the Paddingtonian canal; and the rising race of singers were comforted by the example, which in effect declared all artistic effort beyond the most superficial vocalization to be needless in the interpretation of recitative. And the pernicious force of that example extends down to this day. We have no Pasta come. We have no Pasta coming.

Mme. Pasta's voice was a most difficult organ to reduce to rule. It was hard and unbending—although capable of expressing and pointing, as few could, the highest musical sentiment. It is a curious fact that she could not sing an ascending scale. All her florid passages were on down scales, and these she did perfectly; but every effort to sing an up scale proved utterly futile. Thus in the music of the parts which Bellini and other *maestri* wrote for her, one finds this peculiarity carefully studied, and the difficulty overcome in a most admirable way. Take the "*Ah! non giunge*" from the "*Sonnambula*" as a case in point, and admire the ready dexterity of the master who had to write in fetters, and yet with such marvellous result.

"The last time I saw Pasta," said a musical friend of ours the other day, "was a few years ago at the villa of Count — on the Lake of Como. We were

a large party, and many people of European fame were amongst the guests. One brilliant evening, a strange figure wandered in from the tree-lined highway, upon the glittering group in the Count's salon. It was a woman—a peasant, if you might judge from her dress, which was one of the coarsest description, with rough woollen stockings drawn over her shoes; but you had only to look from the rude raiment to the face of the wearer, to know that she was no common person. Though her figure was bent and her hair gray, her face—which was that of a dark Marie Antoinette—still retained traces of a nobility, which, in youth, must have conferred on her the highest order of loveliness; and her eyes were still full and bright. It was Pasta. She was received with delight and a veneration which it was charming to witness. We all felt we stood in the presence of a great mind. By and by, after chatting with her for some time about old scenes in London and Paris, where she had been ever the prominent figure, I asked her if she would sing a duet with me—just to let us hear her voice again. At first she refused, but on being further pressed, she diffidently agreed to try a *duo* from "*Semiramide*." I sat down to the piano, and she began. It was but a thin, quavering sound—uncertain, unsteady—as if perfectly distrustful of itself. But in the *cabaletta*, where our voices went together, Pasta gained strength—her figure dilated—her eye flashed, and, strange to say, as if the trammels of age and disuse were like leaves in an autumn torrent, her voice suddenly burst out with a brilliancy and power unsurpassed in her grandest days. The effect was indeed electrical. The russet of the peasant—the gray hair of age—disappeared; and in their place we saw again the regal purple of tragedy, and the splendid light of eyes, following the glorious passion of her voice. This was the last time I saw Giuditta Pasta."

—Orchestra.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music in Cincinnati.

I.

Four years have come and gone since last my hand wrote ought for your dear columns. Not often for three years was I made glad by seeing you. Amid the tumult of dread war, in duties of a sterner kind, the art's sweet influence, save once or twice, did not approach nor quicken me. And almost like a stranger in lands unknown, to Music's sacred realms I now return. Thus having eased my longing soul, I may proceed to business,—that of a correspondent namely.

And there would be much to tell of, had I but heard it. But sad indeed the years of absence from you and your dear home have been to me; and growing callous, as it were, my feet refuse to move to concerts of Mme. Rive or other artists, who by the yard their programmes do dispose, and sing of Kücken, Abt and Summer's Latest Rose. Nor did the more ambitious Gottschalk draw me forth, who on the banjo plays the last nocturno and "reveries" of Spain's or Brazil's belles. There are some concerts which I should have heard, some where "indeed good music was performed." But who, I ask you, in these times of taxes and small salaries —

There are quite a number of associations for vocal music here, but none, so far as I have learned, for instrumental music, besides the different bands, which of course are business organizations. But a society like the New York "Philharmonic," or even a small one like the "Boston Orchestral Union," for the avowed purpose of furthering the cause of music by giving instrumental concerts at stated times, does not exist here. This is a pity, but is no more than can be expected. In the history of arts there is no principle more clearly defined than this; that they can only flourish at times when the strain of hard work, the necessity of turning all energy to the overcoming of natural obstacles to civilization, has in a manner subsided, and left, as the fruit and reward of such work, wealth not merely sufficient for one or two generations, but in such abundance that it may descend to more remote times, although the present may be enriched by princely munificence to literature and art. There is a library close to your home, dear Journal, in old Harvard, and another at your home, by the Common, that tell most strikingly of the love

for literature existing in an old community, where with the accumulation of wealth, that ease and comfort grew up, which is essential to a love of the greatest and most lasting possessions of man. And there is a music hall adjoining your abode, with organ transcendent, I am told, which tells a similar tale. For no man may do more than one of the two: either hard bodily work and rest of the mental faculties, or hard brain work and cessation from hard work of the body—if he expects to excel in anything. As a community, in fact as a geographical section, we have here, and elsewhere all over the West, not had time to get beyond hard bodily work. There is no public large enough and free enough from hard, rough work, to care for really good orchestral or chamber music. There is therefore but a single enterprise in chamber-concerts by Messrs. Kunkel and Hahn, whose performances I have not heard, and of which, therefore I am unable to speak.

With the very large German population here, it is natural that singing-societies should flourish. I am told there are numbers of them devoted to four-part song for men's voices. There are three, however, which comprise among their members women and men, and are therefore enabled to perform pieces for the mixed chorus, which were mentioned in the Journal by "G," in a correspondence from here some weeks ago (No. 622, of Feb. 4), and in another by "X" of same date. They are the Harmonic Society, consisting of music-loving Americans almost exclusively, the "Maenner-chor" (now a misnomer), and the "Caecilien-Verein."

II.

Looking at the programmes of the performances given this winter by these three societies, we must give the palm of excellence to those of the "Caecilien-Verein," which is now in its ninth season. As proof they are subjoined.

At their first concert, (Nov. 17, 1864), they performed in the first part:

1. "O, welch' eine Tiefe," from *Paulus*, by Mendelssohn.
2. Quartet in E flat, for piano, violin, alto and 'cello, by Mozart.
3. Benedictus from the Mass in C, by Beethoven.
4. Ständchen by Schubert, transcription for the violoncello.
5. "Wie der Hirsch schreit," from the 42nd Psalm, by Mendelssohn.

In the second part they performed Schumann's "Neujahrs-Lied."

At their second concert, (Jan. 26), the following pieces were heard. First part:

1. Schumann's "Neujahrs-Lied" repeated.
2. Liszt's *Lucia Fantasia*, very creditably performed by Miss Steinbrecher, the daughter of a teacher not unknown as a composer under his *nom de plume* of Werner. To my taste another piece would have been more consonant to the general character of the programme.
3. Alessandro Stradella's prayer.
4. Frühlings-botschaft, by Niels Gade.

Second part, the Finale of the first act of "Loreley," by Mendelssohn, the solo part of which was sung by Miss Marie de Roode, with much taste, though with a voice that in the upper notes was rather husky.

In the third concert (April 10th):

1. The "Frühlings-botschaft," by Gade, was repeated. There were also
2. Trio for piano, violin and violoncello by Beethoven, op. 1, No. 3.
3. Psalm XXIII for Soprano, with Piano-accompaniment, by Franz Schubert.
4. Grand Polonaise in A flat, op. 53, by Chopin, finely performed by the director of the Society, Mr. Andres, and followed by a transcription of the popular song "Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Staedtele

naus," composed by Mr. Andres and played by him as an encore. Although very neatly and brilliantly composed and beautifully played, and greatly relished by the audience, some other piece would have sounded better after the magnificent poem just preceding. But as the members were satisfied, outsiders have hardly a right to complain.

5. "Wie lieblich sind die Boten," from *Paulus*, by Mendelssohn.

The Second part consisted of Schumann's tender "Requiem für Mignon."

There is one peculiar excellence in the "Caecilien-Verein's" performances, which is owing to their excellent conductor, Mr. Andres, namely, the fine expression, the beautiful shading, in one word the true artistic taste pervading their vocal performances. There is a tenderness in the piano and pianissimo passages, and a *verve* in the fortes and fortissimos which only an artist understands how to imbue his chorus with. It is a great pity that the chorus is not large enough, and that the accompaniments have to be performed—very excellently though, by Mr. Andres—on a piano. Being here so short a time, and not acquainted sufficiently with the circumstances, I am unable to assign a reason for the smallness of the chorus. It seems, however, that with a population of Germans counting some 60 or 70,000, as I am informed, a society for the performance of classical music should be able to treble its chorus. Nor can I understand why the good German way of introducing boys' voices among the Sopranos and Altis, so successfully initiated by Dr. Cutter of New York, is not followed here. It would certainly strengthen the Altis, and the youth of our public and high-schools, well-trained as they are by good teachers, foremost among whom stands Mr. Aiken, a Massachusetts man, I think, would certainly furnish German-speaking and singing material enough.

The instrumental parts of the chamber-pieces and the Violoncello-solo were performed by amateurs, very creditably, to be sure. The piano parts of the Mozart Quartet and Beethoven Trio were played by Mr. Andres with accustomed mastery. *†

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 8.—Our concerts and other public musical performances, necessarily suspended during the recent period of national calamity, have re-commenced, and succeed each other so frequently and numerously that we are afflicted with "*L'embarras du choix*" every night. But although our artists are all anxious to be heard again before the close of the season, the public seems less anxious to listen, for everywhere we find audiences of smaller numbers than we have been accustomed to meet at places of amusement. One of the first entertainments presented to us after the sad, although brief season of public mourning, was the closing concert of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was promised, and looked forward to, during the whole winter, by subscribers, as the *bonne bouche* of the season; but instead of giving us this great monument of human genius in its completeness, the Society performed the three first parts alone; thus cutting off Beethoven's sublime idea at the very point where it reaches its culmination. It was difficult for the audience assembled to accept the excuse given on the programme, that the vocal part of the Symphony was omitted out of respect to the memory of our lamented President, as a very general knowledge had got abroad that there had been difficulties in regard to obtaining an efficient chorus and solo singers; but we would be more willing to take the latter excuse as a reason for the omission, than the former. For, looking beyond and above the unlooked-for tragedy of his mortal end, what could be more in keeping with the genial, humane, benevolent, and

liberal character of the good man, the great work of whose life was the liberation of *all races*, than the words of Schiller's deep and beautiful "Ode to Joy"—a joy not superficial, but of the soul, glorified with such strains as only Beethoven could, in his highest inspiration, imagine?

The orchestra played at this concert, as an opening piece, and very appropriately, the Funeral March from Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, and Schumann's beautiful Overture, Scherzo and Finale, op. 52, at the close. Besides this, the Liederkrans sang a chorus for men's voices by Schubert, and Mendelssohn's "Loreley" Finale. How far this finale—if we except the greater facilities it presents to the chorus—was more appropriate to the spirit of the times than that of Beethoven's Symphony, we leave to be decided by more profound intellects than our own, for the praiseworthy Philharmonic Committee wrapped itself in cloudy darkness on the subject.

Our violoncello virtuoso, FREDERIC BERGNER, whose merits as an artist we have already spoken of in these letters, gave his annual concert at Dodworth's Hall. He was assisted by Miss FANNY RAYMOND, Messrs. W. MASON, TH. THOMAS, MOSENTHAL, and SCHWARTZ. Mendelssohn's fine Quintet, in B flat, op. 87, was the opening piece, and the performance of it was an able one. Mr. Bergner played Servais' "Souvenir de Spa," an empty show piece, which has no other artistic merit than that of affording to the artist an opportunity of displaying his great technical ability, which was done in the most creditable way. Miss Raymond sang "Aufenthalt," a beautiful song by Schubert, a charming Ballad "Die Ueberfahrt," by C. Loewe, and three songs: "Ich wandelte unter Bäumen," "Die Lotosblume" and "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden," by Schumann. If, on the one hand, we were delighted with the skilful manner in which Miss Raymond used her fine and rich voice, on the other, we did not less admire her true rendering of the spirit of each song; for every sentiment, every passion, she found the right color and the right tone, and the hearty applause and recall of the audience proved their appreciation of the singer and the songs. Mr. W. Mason played two compositions of his own finely (this we always expect from such an artist), "Monody," and "Ah! vous dirai-je Maman." In both of these Mr. Mason displayed his skill as harmonist and pianist; they are full of fine pianoforte effects and will not fail to become very popular. Haydn's "Kaiser Franz" variations, the *pièce de resistance* on "certain occasions" of our meritorious Quartet, was, of course, executed with all the pianos and fortes, crescendos and decrescendos; the pros and contras, even the *morendo* of the closing harmony was conscientiously observed, to the delight of the audience. The programme of the concert closed with a Duo for violin and violoncello by Schubert (not the Schubert, but another) and Kummer, a queer composition, in our opinion.—There is an overwhelming promise of "farewell," "complimentary," and "testimonial" entertainments.

The German Opera company has given us, during the short period of two weeks that has elapsed since its opening, a selection of works of the highest calibre, including "Fidelio" the "Magic Flute," the "Huguenots," the "Jewess," and "Faust," besides "Martha," &c. Since last season, this company, from continually playing together, has even improved on the already fine *ensemble* which it presented, in concerted pieces, chorus, and orchestra, while its individual members appear much the same; though we note a decided improvement in Mr. Weinlich's vocal method, due perhaps, to his recent practice with the Italian Opera troupe. To be quite satisfactory, Mr. Grover's company only needs a prima donna of first-class merit, and perhaps two or three alterations and improvements in the artists who fill the other principal positions. We trust that German Opera has now become a permanent institution among us.

LANCELOT.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 8.—Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS gave their 4th Soirée on Saturday evening, April 29, to, I greatly regret to state, a very slim audience, a few ladies and gentlemen, urgently desirous of being present at this delightful concert, having perilled their newest Spring attire in a drenching storm, an unpleasant external accompaniment that seems to attend these entertainments with a vexatious pertinacity. The following programme was presented, the various items therein being, as usual, so satisfactorily rendered as to leave little to call forth criticism.

Trio (B flat, Op. 97) Piano, Violin, and Cello. Beethoven.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Thomas and Schmitz.
Solo, Violin. Theo. Thomas. Epohr.
Fantasia, B minor, Op. 29. Chopin.
Mr. Wolfsohn.
Quartet, (G major, No. 1). Mozart.

Nothing new can be said about the great Beethoven Trio, nor about the ever fresh and genial Mozart Quartet; would that all the performances of them that I have listened to had been as perfect as that upon this occasion! But Mr. Thomas handles his instrument as few of our virtuosos do, and one need never fear for the music that may be intrusted for interpretation to the hands of Mr. Wolfsohn and himself. Mr. Ahrend, whose place was so competently filled, at the eleventh hour, by our talented young musician, Mr. Charles Schmitz, is at present disabled by a severe illness, from which it is to be sincerely hoped he may soon recover to grace that sphere with his presence, where his absence is so noticeably felt.

On the evening, May 1, the fifth soirée of the same series was given.

Novelletten, (op. 21, Nos. 6, 1 and 4). Schumann.
Carl Wolfsohn.
Solo, Violin. Theo. Thomas. Schubert.
Kleine Studien, (Nos. 1, 2, and 5). Mary F. Howell.
1 Frühlings Liedchen.
2 Prelude.
3 Song without words.
Carl Wolfsohn.

I can but refer in general terms of commendation to this concert. Mr. Wolfsohn was kind enough to repeat for an encore, the Chopin fantasia, which he so artistically and appreciatively rendered at the last soirée. The "Kleine Studien" are the compositions of one of our first lady pianists; they are quite interesting *morceaux*, and would not be unworthy the pen of many a more famous writer.

I was present at the N. Y. Trinity Choir Festival at St. Clement's Church on the evening of April 26. To my fancy, the singing of the juvenile-masculine sopranos and contraltos is more curious than interesting; and I can scarcely imagine that efforts of this kind are necessarily encouraged by the highest feeling for art, either on the part of the children or their preceptors. Perhaps I do the very able leader of Trinity Choir an injustice; but I think nearly every one will agree that a child of a dozen years must have a marvellous organ, indeed, and be gifted with an unwarrantable precocity for one so young, to be able to do complete justice to the great solos of the Oratorios of Handel, Mendelssohn and Haydn. At all events, except in the singing of the "Angel Trio" from the "Elijah,"—where the unaccompanied tones of their fresh voices blended in a really angelic manner, and which was the only thing they did that aroused my enthusiasm,—these young fledglings failed, through the natural feebleness of their undeveloped vocal powers, to give to the music that interest which we ordinarily look to find.

The GERMANIA ORCHESTRA presented the following attractions at their "Rehearsal" on last Saturday afternoon.

Overture, "Return of Tobias." Haydn.
Aria, "Cujus Animam." Stabat Mater. Rossini.
Symphony, (No. 4, B flat) entire. Beethoven.

This is the second Beethoven Symphony Mr. SCHMITZ has produced this season. It was creditably rendered, the strings doing much better than they did when the "Eroica" was performed. At the next Rehearsal, Mr. JARVIS is to perform Weber's "Concertstück" with orchestral accompaniment.

MERCUTIO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 13, 1865.

The Coming Musical Festival.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

"Far off its coming shines." But indeed it is very near at hand. Ten days from this day it commences—namely on the morning of Tuesday, the 23d of May, when will be inaugurated a week of musical festivities upon a very large scale and of a very noble character. We are really to have, then, a Musical Festival, after the model (so far as our means admit) of those we read about at Birmingham and Norwich, at Düsseldorf, Cologne and other cities of the Lower Rhine. We do not say it will be in all things equal to the best of those, or that we here are in a condition—particularly just now at the close of a long war—to come up to the European standard either in brilliant array of solo singers, or in size or excellence of orchestra and chorus. We have not all the great artists of the world within call, in the habit of summering with us, as they have in England. Nor have we the elements of a great orchestra assimilated together by the constant habit of great European opera houses, or Philharmonic and Gewandhaus concerts, although by drawing from New York and other cities we can and shall effect a combination really noble and effective.

The Handel and Haydn Society honor themselves by not promising too much; by not indulging in the boastful style of announcement so common with shallow enterprises which have "great cry and little wool." They simply promise what they know they can perform. They can safely invite to a great, a rare, an inspiring occasion, one that will be memorable in our musical history, one that a music-lover cannot well afford to miss—this they can safely do, without challenging comparison throughout all Christendom. The more simple and matter-of-fact their announcement, the more do we trust them and the more expect of them. Big announcements, fancy advertising, are the vice of our time; and so far has it been carried that, with sensible people, it always tells suspiciously against the artistic character, the solid, sincere artist worth of those who employ such heralding. For instance, when Mr. A., pianist or what not, simply announces "a concert," we expect better things of him than we do of Mr. B. who announces a "grand concert." The word *grand* in such matters has come to belong to the "damaged phraseology" which is the stock in trade of quacks in art; real artists shrink from using it, real refinement prefers plainness.

But a musical festival on the scale now offered may properly and distinctively be called *grand*; here the word has a meaning; it means that we are to hear compositions grand in character, such as Oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, Symphonies of Beethoven, rendered by voices and instruments enough to make their intrinsic greatness fully felt. Here will be a choir of six hundred voices; in announcing such a number, the directors, we are sure, neither deceive others nor themselves. Their calculations are carefully made. The attendance on the rehearsals for months past makes it safe to count upon even a

somewhat larger number. The rehearsals, too have been no child's play, but earnest and assiduous, growing in interest and zeal from week to week. At first they occurred once a week; now they occupy three evenings weekly. They are picked voices, and the drill, under Mr. ZERRAHN, has been critical and thorough. We have been present at several of the last rehearsals, and can truly say that we never have heard the great choruses, even the most difficult in "Israel in Egypt," ring out here with nearly so much promptness, precision, spirit and harmonious ensemble. All four parts are effective, having breadth and fulness, not excepting the Contralti, who have frequently been weak before. Many amateur singers from our most cultivated families have been drawn into the resounding circle; for it is glorious to sing among so many and such music.

Then for accompaniment there is an Orchestra of at least one hundred instruments engaged. We wish we had their names to spread before our readers—they will appear on the programmes. But the list includes, in addition to our Boston orchestra, many of the leading members of the New York Philharmonic Society, others from Philadelphia, and nearly all of the old "Germanians" now scattered through the Union. It will be a grander Orchestra than that at our only previous Festival of this kind (given by the same Society in 1857): and what an impression was made by the 78 instruments in the 7th Symphony at that time!—Add to this the further accompaniment of the unrivalled Organ of the Music Hall, reinforcing the choruses with its massive harmonies, under Mr. LANG's excellent mastery, and we may well anticipate sublime effects.

The array of solo singers will not, of course, compare with Birmingham and London. No fault of the managers; they have done all that could be done; it is much to their credit that they offered very large pecuniary inducements to Sims Reeves to come over; it was a bold step, and will reap its reward another time perhaps. Meanwhile the Society can truly say that "the solo talent will comprise many of the best concert and oratorio singers now in this country." What with leading artists of Grover's German Opera, and what with resident singers of New York and Boston, they make out a formidable list, which stands, so far as it is yet settled, thus:

Soprani. Mme. Frederici (almost sure); Mrs. Van Zandt and Miss Maria Brainerd, of New York; Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Houston, and Miss Matilda Phillips, of Boston; and Master Coker, the "boy prima donna" (as he has been called) of Trinity Church, New York.

Contralti. Mrs. Jenny Kempton of New York, and Mrs. Carey, of Boston.

Tenors. Herr Himmer, of the German Opera, (almost sure); Mr. John Farley and Mr. J. E. Perring, of New York.

Basses. Carl Formes and Hermanns (German Opera); Mr. Rudolphsen, of Boston.

So much for the interpreters; now for the subject-matter of the feast.

For the opening ceremony, Tuesday morning, will be given, first, Nicolai's Festival Overture (based on Luther's Choral: "Ein feste Burg") for organ, orchestra and chorus; then Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." What could better suit the temper of these marvellous times in which we live?

There will be four Oratorios. On Tuesday evening, "The Creation;" Thursday evening, Handel's "Israel in Egypt," the grandest of his works, which will be as good as new to this public, notwithstanding one or two hardly brave enough attempts to make it popular a few years ago. Saturday evening, "Elijah," with Formes in his old part of the prophet. Sunday evening, "The Messiah," worthily closing the Festival. Concerts of orchestral and vocal music will be given in the afternoon of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Each time a grand Symphony played by the Orchestra of one hundred; those selected are: the *Eroica* (No. 3) and the 7th by Beethoven, Schubert's in C, and Mendelssohn's in A minor ("Scotch"). The list of Overtures includes the *Coriolan* and *Leonora* (No. 3), by Beethoven; *Euryanthe* by Weber; "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Ruy Blas," by Mendelssohn "William Tell," "Tannhäuser," "Rienzi," Bennett's "Naiades," &c.,—though our memory may be wrong in one or two instances. There will be vocal solos and concerted pieces, instrumental solos, &c., choice and various,—in which respect there will be no difficulty in making programmes at least as good as those of the English festivals.

It is for the interest of musical culture in our land that this bold experiment of the Handel and Haydn Society should be warmly seconded by the music-loving public. Whatever lack of higher excellence there may be this time will come in future Festivals, if this be made remunerative. The objects, too, to which the proceeds are pledged, deserve the sympathy of every lover of his country. But we might have spared ourselves so many words; the advertisement, on our first page, tells essentially the whole story.

Concerts.

Mr. DRESEL gave the fifth of his series of eight Piano-forte Concerts on Saturday afternoon, April 29. Chickering's Hall was full, as usual. This was the programme:

Sonata, A flat, op. 26.....	Beethoven.
Andante Con Variazioni. Scherzo. Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un Reo. Finale.	
Selections from op. 28, 23, 24, and 20.....	Rob. Schumann.
Romance. Notturmo. Scherzo. Andante espressivo. Allegretto.	
Bolero.....	Ferd. Hiller.
Etude. A flat.....	Chopin.
Fugue. C-major.....	J. S. Bach.
Scherzo. B flat minor.....	Chopin.
Andante and Polonaise, op. 22.....	Chopin.

The Sonata, with its Funeral March—the grandest ever written, if we except that in the same master's Heroic Symphony—was timely and was deeply felt. The exquisite Andante and Variations (the third of which, in the minor, seems to us to hint already of the coming *Marcia Funebre*) never can become too familiar; their beauty and deep feeling have seldom been so poetically brought out. Then the sunshiny contrast of the Scherzo, and still more the Finale, sparkling with glad life like a fountain—does it not come like heavenly joy and reassurance after brave endeavor, sacrifice, and a great wholesome sorrow!

The Bach Fugue was one of the dancing, fairy ones (from first book of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord"), which everybody can enjoy. We have not room to recite the delights of Schumann, Hiller and Chopin.

Mr. Dresel's sixth concert will take place this afternoon, and the two remaining ones on Wednesday and Saturday of next week.

GREAT ORGAN.—The Noonday Concerts of the past fortnight have been: by Mr. WHITING (Bach's G-minor Fugue, Kullak's *Pastorale*, Wely *Offertoire*, Andantes by Best and by Whiting, *Zampa* overture,

&c.); Mr. LANG, (Prelude and Fugue in A, by Bach, *Oberon* overture, *Nocturne* from "Midsummer Night's Dream," Danish melody, improvisations, "The Heavens are telling;" Mrs. FRODOCK (Bach Prelude in E flat, *Pastorale* from Beethoven's "Prometheus," Sonata No. 1, of Mendelssohn, Adagio by Fischer, Variation on an antique air by Rink); and Mr. LANG again last Wednesday (Bach Prelude in C minor, Midsummer Night overture, Hallelujah Chorus, &c.).—But almost everything is swallowed up now in the approaching Festival.

THE NATIONAL SORROW.—Thursday, the first of June, appointed by the President as a day whereon "all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of the virtues and sorrow for the sudden and violent end" of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, will be duly observed in this city by a grand procession and a Eulogy by the Hon. Charles Sumner in the Music Hall. The musical part of the services will be performed by the Festival Chorus (600 voices) of the Handel and Haydn Society, and will consist of the chorus from *Judas Maccabeus*: "Mourn, ye afflicted children," altering of course the words "Your hopes of liberty give o'er;" the beautiful Quartet from *Elijah*: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord;" and Luther's Judgment Hymn, with words expressly written by Dr. O. W. Holmes.

JOACHIM IN PARIS.—The second concert spiritual of the Conservatoire, last month, was distinguished by the first appearance in Paris of the great German Hungarian violinist. It was a most enthusiastic occasion. The Society did its best to show itself in all its superiority and justify its European fame before the honored guest. Beethoven's 7th Symphony, and Mozart's Symphony in G minor were performed with more than the usual perfection at the opening and close of the concert. The chorus sang the *Benedictus* from Haydn's B-flat Mass, and a Motet for double choir by Bach—the latter proving a little too "austere" for the Parisians. And now we translate from the *Gazette Musicale*:

"Between the two choruses, in the middle of the concert, appeared the young and celebrated violinist, Joachim, the hero of the *séance*.

"This virtuoso, of whom England and Germany have thus far jealously disputed the possession, was born, not in England, as has been erroneously said [by people who supply keys to "Charles Auchester?"—TRANS.], but in that fruitful Hungary which has produced so many virtuosos of genius. It was at Vienna, under the direction of Boehm, that he made his first musical studies. Ernst, who heard him in his debuts, predicted a glorious future for him, and it was by his advice that the young artist presented himself at the Conservatoire of Vienna. Afterwards Mendelssohn, who was very partial to him, directed him by his wise and experienced counsel. He was already applauded, as performer and composer. His Hungarian Concerto and his Concerto in G, from their first hearing in Vienna, reaped an ovation seldom realized. Soon Germany was filled with the report of his success; and his daily increasing reputation as a violinist sought more profitable triumphs in England, and without disappointment. After some time passed in Vienna, he visited Weimar, and then Hanover, where he settled and became Kapellmeister and first chamber violinist to the King [of whom he was a great favorite]. He studied constantly, making sensible progress, until he was one of the first virtuosos of the age. But to his success" [mark here the sublime Parisian conceit!] "there was yet wanting the glorious and definitive consecration of France. It has just been given with éclat. Now that this memorable day has established such an enthusiastic relation between the French public and the great artist, Joachim can no longer be exclusively called, as he has been so wrong-

ly, the violinist of England. Henceforth, Joachim belongs to France, as do Liszt, Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Jaell; he will return to us next winter, and the seven or eight months which he will devote to Paris will certainly give a great impulse to the musical season.

"The piece played by Joachim was no other than Beethoven's magnificent Concerto in D, a capital piece in grandeur of conception, in charm and power of thought, but ungrateful and perilous for the violinist. Joachim attacked it with an amplitude of style, a mastery, and an instinctive feeling of the music, which at once commanded respect and admiration. The effect was electrical. That powerful and sudden revelation, in spite of the emotion which the artist could not conceal from a public of such imposing authority, to whose judgment he had come to submit himself, had instantly attached his audience to him.

"As a violinist, Joachim incontestably possesses exceptional qualities, the powerful sonority of Vieuxtemps, an indescribable manner of attacking difficulties, without the public even suspecting it, a pure, calm play, at the same time profoundly impassioned and expressive. The most arduous works shine with a serene, warm light under his magical bow. He renders with a scrupulous exactitude the works of the master whom he interprets, and thus shows himself a musician alike consummate and respectful. He has no eye to effect, and difficulty does not exist for him. To see the simplicity of his play, the classical wisdom of his style, the placid, unshaken carriage of his left hand, admirably beautiful and of marvellous address, you would not believe that he was executing passages which the most celebrated virtuosos do not approach without danger.

"The public of the Conservatoire, not ignorant that the Germans and the English call Joachim the first violinist of Europe, listened with constantly increasing attention and interest. They would have applauded every passage, had they not been captivated by that elevated and pure style which allows room only for silent rapture, for pensive admiration. The end of the concert was a real triumph for Joachim; the artists of the orchestra applauded with the same enthusiasm as the public. The great artist was recalled three times."

Joachim also took part in the closing chamber concert of M. Lebone, together with the admirable pianist, Mme. Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) and others. He played in Mendelssohn's C-minor Trio and Beethoven's 7th Quartet, besides a Barcarole and a Scherzo by Spohr.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"Fünf Kleine Studien, für das Piano, von MARY F. HOWELL. Boston, G. D. Russell & Company."

Thus reads the title page of a series of short musical sketches, by a Philadelphia pianist. They come in such modest guise that they would scarcely provoke criticism, were it not that they breathe true genius. They are not of those ephemeral productions which can be furnished at a week's notice from the workshops that produce our fashionable *morceaux*.

Our authoress is evidently learned in Mendelssohn and Chopin, and this, too, without sacrificing originality and native grace. It was, most probably, respect for the "Spring Song" of the former, that induced her to name the charming number one of this set in the diminutive. This was hardly necessary. There should be more than one "*Frühlingslied*," and we would gladly greet new ones every day, were they as fresh and winsome as this one of Miss Howell's.

No. 2 is a "Prelude" (after Bennett) and is, in some respects, the most interesting of the five studies. It seems to have been suggested by Heine's *Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*, already treated vocally by Robert Franz. Light, joyous and exultant, our piano sketch offers us a beautiful paraphrase of Heine's poem.

Numbers three and four are "*Styriennes*"—pleasing and graceful examples of a too familiar form. The fifth number, entitled "*Sonnenschein*," is far superior to either of these and, in merit, is equal to the "*Frühlingsliedchen*" and the "Prelude."

We have refrained from a more detailed description. A mere verbal analysis, were it possible, would prove but a sorry substitute for the pleasure of playing, or hearing them played. We have done enough in indicating the character of each, preferring to remain silent regarding their remoter suggestiveness, as we have always endeavored to steer clear of the vagaries of those musical critics whose penetration enables them to account for a composition by ideas which never entered the author's mind. In common with many others, we prefer remembering music we have heard, with its own associations and endearing memories, instead of accepting the, sometimes rhapsodical, interpretations of third parties.

We confess to a rare pleasure from these little pieces, and trust that we may yet have more from the same pen. They are jottings of happy ideas, favored with artistic treatment. It is pleasant, amidst the mass of trivialities daily thrown off by our publishers, to alight upon an occasional tone-poem, showing so much true sentiment and such command of means.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent sends us the above, to which we cheerfully give place. We have the little pieces, and have perused them with much interest. For the first work of an amateur they certainly show sympathetic familiarity with the best composers, a fine feeling of the poetry of music, happy melodic conceptions (especially the first two, and we should add the fifth, but that it is so Mendelssohnian), considerable, but not unexceptionable artistic "treatment," and good knowledge of piano-forte effect. We could wish that the reviewer had not used quite so large a word as "genius:" not that we see proof to the contrary of its possible existence here, but because it is a word only to be used with the utmost reserve, and of the very few; for it at once lifts one into a glorious and august company, strong-winged ones, whom it is a blessing to admire, but not so easy to keep up with. With these frank reservations we thankfully accept the promising and pretty firstlings, together with the hearty note of introduction.

BANGOR, ME.—We are indebted to an occasional correspondent for the following report:

"The Choral Festival, noticed in the Journal of April 15, took place as announced, commencing on Tuesday, April 25, and continuing four days. Miss J. E. Houston, of Boston, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club were present. The forenoons were entirely devoted to the practice of Choruses from 'The Creation' and other Oratorios, with accompaniment of Piano-forte, and part of the time with accompaniment by the Quintette Club. During the afternoon rehearsals Miss Houston and others appeared in songs, and the Quintette Club in various instrumental selections. Three concerts were given. I enclose a program of the Final Concert.

- 1 Chorus—"As the Hart Pants".....Mendelssohn.
- 2 Song—"Gratias Agimus Tibi".....Guglielmi.
- Miss J. E. Houston: Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Thos. Ryan.
- 3 Adagio from Quintet in B flat.....Mendelssohn.
- Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
- 4 Song—"My love and Me".....Thomas Ryan.
- Mrs. Crowell.
- 5 Violin Solo—"Fantasia on themes from 'Masaniello.'" Mr. Carl Meisel.
- 6 Ballad—"Sunny Summer Sky".....Glover.
- Miss Houston.
- 1 Violoncello Solo—"Souvenir from Halsey." Mr. Wulf Pries.
- 2 Song—"Knight and Shepherdess".....Gottschalk.
- Miss Minnie Brown.
- 3 Duet and Chorus—"I waited for the Lord." Mendelssohn.
- Miss Houston and Mrs. Crowell.
- 4 Song—"Ye Merry Birds".....Gumbert.
- Miss Carroll.
- 5 Fantasia for Clarinet.....Ryan.
- Thomas Ryan.
- 6 Star Spangled Banner.
- Miss Houston and Chorus.

"The 'Creation' was given on Thursday evening, with the orchestral accompaniment [outlined] by the Quintette Club. Miss Houston sustained the principal soprano solos. The chorus numbered about 350 voices, under the direction of Mr. Solon Wilder. Miss Houston was very enthusiastically received, and

became at once a favorite. The audience were entirely fascinated by the music of the Quintette Club; and the rehearsals and concerts were well attended, the number of the audience varying from 600 to 1800 persons.

"The Festival was a great success and, we trust, has aided the cause of art in this vicinity. We hope some time to enjoy a similar occasion, and we should feel very grateful if you would recommend to us some association of artists, equal or superior to the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, for we are very anxious to have the best in the country. If you could tell us of some association of performers, of which each member could play three or four instruments at once, you would oblige us greatly, and we might then obtain a grand orchestra of fifteen or twenty equal to the grand orchestras, sometimes used in Boston.

"Yours very truly,

FREDERIC S. DAVENPORT."

NOTE. We indeed know of no Quintette Club better than the "Mendelssohn;" but the term "association" is large and comprises such combinations as the New York Philharmonic Society, the Boston Orchestral Union, &c., which certainly would answer the purpose of "an Orchestra" in accompanying an Oratorio far better than any possible Quintette Club, even though composed of such clever and experienced artists as our friends. Not to detract from their merit, but to hint the absurdity of advertising them as a "full Orchestra" (at which they themselves as artists must have been amused, perhaps annoyed), did we playfully quote a little from the high-flown circular announcement of the Bangor Festival. It was, no doubt, a good occasion; the only fault we had to find with it was this falling into the almost universal sickening vice of *over-advertising*; that is something which an artist must feel very shy of having plastered upon his fair fame and endeavor; it will do for Gottschalks and the like.

We find the following items in the London *Musical World* of April 15th.

Mr. Thomas Ball (the eminent sculptor), for many years *primo basso* to the Handel and Haydn Musical Society of Boston (U. S.), is in London for a few days, en route for Italy.

Mr. Sims Reeves has been offered a large sum of money to sing at the proposed grand musical festival at Boston (U. S.), on the 50th anniversary of the Handel and Haydn Society.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The Philharmonic Society, E. Sobolewski conductor, gave its sixth concert on the 27th ult. Part I. was mainly composed of selections (choruses and solos) from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, preceded by Litolf's "Robespierre" Overture, and followed by a Violin solo, Ernst's "Elegie."—Part II. The "Kermesse" Chorus, from Gounod's *Faust*; Trio from "Sargino," by Paer; first part of Beethoven's 2nd Symphony; Song; "Sleep well," by Abt; Weber's "Jubilee" overture.

CINCINNATI. Want of room prevented the insertion in our last of a letter describing the fourth "Concert de Salon" of Messrs KUNKEL & HAHN, on the 6th of April. The most interesting feature was Schumann's Quintet in E flat for piano, violins, &c., which was much admired. A piano concerto by Litolf, called "Troisième Concerto Symphonique (National Hollandais)," op. 45, was also a novelty to the audience, and by our correspondent counted a great gain in the classical direction. Mr. S. B. FELL, an amateur, with "one of the most admirable tenor voices," sang things of Abt and Verdi, which were received with great gusto; Mr. Kunkel played Liszt's second Polonaise (in E) for a piano solo, and Mr. Hahn a violin solo (*Ernani* fantasia) by Vieuxtemps, both receiving very high praise for the rendering.

"Taking these concerts for all in all, they will linger in the memory of their hearers, through many an hour of recreative thought, and will ever be referred to, as the era of appreciated classical introduction in our Queen City of the West."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mary, Cambria's fairest daughter. W. A. Powell. 30
A ballad, written by "Cubelyn." The melody is rich and flowing.

Matrimony, or Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Comic Duet. C. W. Glover. 40
Mr. and Mrs. B. have a little spat, musically, together, which turns out very well, for they like each other all the better, afterwards. Quite amusing, and easy, good music.

He comes to me. (E viene a me.) "La Juive," by Halsey. 40
This is the striking scene, in which Rachel, trembling, fearing, yet hoping, is awaiting the coming of her lover. The music is pervaded with deep expression, and quite effective.

The Summer Rain. Ballad. Miss M. B. Stuart. 30
A fine poem about the "Sweet, the summer rain," with equally good music. Cannot fail to please.

Mer-ma-yed. Comic Song. 30
Capital. Discourses of the man who "tumbled overboard," and "was marry-ed to a mer-me-yed at the bottom of the sea." Each verse winds up in grand chorus, with the "Star spangled banner!"

Praise the Lord. Quartet and Solo. From Beethoven. A. Davenport. 40
Contains a fragment from Beethoven's Fidelity, well arranged for Quartet singing. Quartet and other choirs will find it very pleasing.

If laws severe. (Se pel rigor). Bass song. "La Juive." 30
The excellent sentiments and mellow music of this song of Cardinal Brogni, commend it to the notice of Bass (and Alto) singers.

Instrumental.

Le Ruisseau. Valse etude. H. A. Wollenhaupt. 50
In a kind of flowing, liquid style throughout, promising a fine effect for those who will practise it carefully. A little difficult.

Golden Bells. Caprice de Concert. Sydney Smith. 75
One of the best pieces out. Very sweet and brilliant, and a fine exhibition piece. Difficult, but not extremely so.

Diana. Polka Mazurka. A. Talczy. 30
Classic and not especially difficult.

Morning dew. (La Rosée du Matin). Morceau brillante. Sydney Smith. 75
A fine piece, of hard-medium difficulty, not quite so brilliant as the "Golden Bells," but somewhat richer in melody than that.

Fragment of the Andante to Beethoven's 1st Symphony. For organ. Batiste. 75

Fragment of the Adagio of Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. For organ. Batiste. 75
Batiste has adapted these Fragments to the capacities of organs and organists with great skill, and his arrangements will open a new field of enjoyment to those who cannot hear the great Symphonies played by competent orchestras.

Books.

ST. PAUL. An Oratorio. Mendelssohn.
Cl. \$2.50, B'ds 2.00, Paper 1.75

It is a pleasure to announce the publication of this magnificent work; so solemn, so sacred, that it would do to substitute for a church service; so powerful as to bear the weight of the largest choruses; so thoroughly good throughout, as to grow in favor at each rehearsal.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

